

Toy "Evocation"

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Lost evocation
The night's the singer
The echoes linger
They heal all the words in your mind
All doubtful emotions are dying

Time to awake now
The crowd is sober
The dream is over
The mirror reflecting your thoughts
Was broken with dissonant chords

And the black-plastic culture's aging
Still music's burning
Itself out

Now, looking back over years of trying
There's no conclusion to what I will always mean
Just lean back, listen to my dream

New evocation
The wind's the singer
The echoes linger
They take you to where you belong
The saviour from where you went wrong

You're facing the truth now
The crowd is healthy
Their leaders wealthy
Anonymous knowledge we share
It's seen on T.V. ev'rywhere

And the black-plastic culture's aging
Still music's burning
Itself out

Now, looking back over years of trying
There's no conclusion to what I will always mean
You have just listened to my dream
Don't rely on what's never been

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